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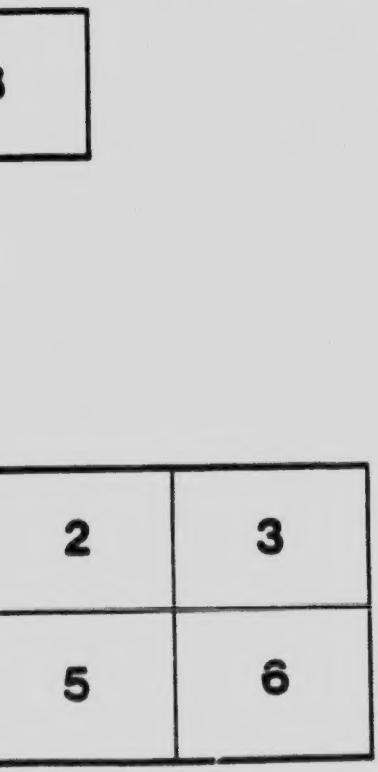

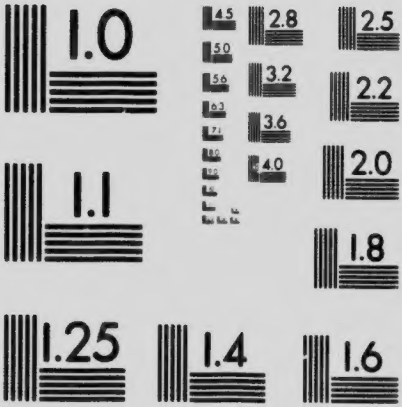

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IN MEMORIAM

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria

BORN MAY 24TH, 1819. DIED JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

Service

IN THE

Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto

FEBRUARY 2ND, 1901, AT 11 O'CLOCK, A.M.

Order of Service.

Rev. J. F. Ockley, *Chairman Toronto East District*, presiding.

1. Organ—"Marche Funebre" . . . . . *Beethoven.*
2. Air—"But the Lord is Mindful of His Own" *Mendelssohn.*
3. Hymn No. 840—"O God Our Help in Ages Past" . . .
4. Prayer . . . . . Chancellor Burwash
   (The Lord's Prayer to be chanted).
5. Anthem—"Mother, Thou Art Gone Before Us"
6. First Scripture Lesson . . Rev. James Allen, M.A.
7. Solo—"Abide With Me" . . . . *F. H. Torrington.*
   Miss Eileen Millett.
8. Second Scripture Lesson . Rev. A. B. Chambers, D.D.
9. Hymn No. 601—"Give Me the Wings of Faith to Rise" .
10. Address . . . . . Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.
11. Solo—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought" . . *Ambrose.*
    Mr. A. Arlidge.
12. Address—Rev. A. Carman, D.D., General Superintendent.
13. Hymn No. 160—"Rock of Ages" . . . . . .
14. Reading of Service (the Congregation standing) . . .
    Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D.

Benediction.

Organ—Dead March in Saul—*Handel.*

Mr. F. H. Torrington, *Director of Musical Service.*

The Musical Service.—Words.

No. 2.—Air.

But the Lord is mindful of His own—He remembreth His children—
Bow down before Him, ye Mighty, for the Lord He is near us—
Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own. He remembreth His children.

No. 3.—Hymn 840.

O God! our Help in Ages Past.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may be dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

No. 5.—Anthem.

Mother, thou art gone before us,
And thy Queenly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.

From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear ceased,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome road thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ has taught the languid feet
To reach His blest abode.

Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

(*Sung at Rev. Dean Stanley's Memorial Service, Westminster Abbey.*)

No. 7.—Air.

Abide with me, Fast Falls the Even Tide.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 9.—Hymn 601.

Give me the Wings of Faith to Rise.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
  Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
  How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourners here below,
  And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
  With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
  They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
  Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
  His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
  Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
  For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
  Show the same path to heaven.

No. 11.—Air.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
  Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
  Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust!
  Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
  On the rock of the shore of death.

No. 13.—Hymn 160.

Rock of Ages.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep,

—*Acts 13 : 36.*

"She wrought her people lasting good."